

# Bob Dylan, Duquesne Whistle

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like it's gonna sweep my world away  
I wanna stop at Carmangale and keep on going  
That Duquesne train gon' rock me night and day

You say I'm a gambler, you say I'm a pimp  
But I ain't neither one

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Sounding like it's on a final run

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like she never blowed before  
Bright light blinking, red light glowing  
Blowing like she's at my chamber door

You smiling through the fence at me  
Just like you always smiled before

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like she ain't gon' blow no more

Can't you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?  
Blowing like the sky's gonna blow apart  
You're the only thing alive that keeps me going  
You're like a time bomb in my heart

I can hear a sweet voice steadily calling  
Must be the mother of our Lord

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like my woman's on board

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like it's gon' blow my blues away  
You old rascal, I know exactly where you're going  
I'll lead you there myself at the break of day

I wake up every morning with that woman in my bed  
Everybody telling me she's gone to my head

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like it's gon' kill me dead

Can't you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?  
Blowing through another no good town

The lights on my lady's land are glowing  
I wonder if they'll know me next time 'round  
I wonder if that old oak tree's still standing  
That old oak tree, the one we used to climb

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like she's blowing right on time